



School for Housewives

By Marion Harland



Housewife's Exchange

I am 23 years of age. One year ago I suffered a severe illness, and the physician attending me found it necessary to administer morphine once a day during a period of six months. Imagine my dismay when, on finding that it was no longer to be given me, I could not do without it. By day in my weak condition I thought of it and the relief it had given me, and by night I dreamed of it. At last—to make my story short—I obtained it, and have since been using it, to the extent of half a grain or so a day. Now I find that my health is being ruined; I am nervous and terribly depressed. Will you advise me? I do not care to go to our home physician, and knowing the very excellent advice given to so many by you and your "constituents" I know that you can help me if you will. How can I rid myself of this horrible cloud that hangs over my life? My physician feared to give it to me so often, thinking that I might become addicted to its use. VICTIM.

If you have not will enough to leave off the terrible habit at once, regardless of the struggle it will cost you, put yourself deliberately under restraint, as if you were a maniac. For this you are, so far as inability to control action goes. Your physician was to blame in yielding to your desire for the insidious drug. He knew better than you could guess how many other wretched women deplore the day in which they entered upon a course that has ruined their body and soul.

There are specialists who treat this awful obsession as they would any other form of dementia. It would be far better for you to submit, without further delay, to this regimen. I wish I could add that yours is the first case of its kind I have known of personally. In the dozen or more cases that have come under my direct observation I have known of but one who was completely cured. She surrendered herself entirely to the control of a trained nurse, who never left her unguarded, by day or by night, for a year. At the end of that time she was well and a free woman. She lived twelve years after the blessed end was accomplished, and never had a relapse.

Will you kindly permit another "one of your girls" to claim your attention long enough to ask you the name of a book of games (not kissing games) for the entertainment of a party of young ladies and gentlemen; also where I could buy it? STELLA MARIE.

Send thirty-five cents to the United Society of Christian Endeavor, No. 155 La Salle street, Chicago, for a little book issued by said union under the title of "Eighty Pleasant Evenings." It is the best manual I have ever seen of games for people of all ages. You may modify certain of the entertainments to suit your own taste, if you like, but they are all good. Perhaps you would better order the book through a bookseller in your city.

I thank and love you for saying you are "one of my girls." When my heart ceases to respond to those words life will have grown very tame and gray for me. I thank you, too, for other and yet sweeter words with which your letter closes. They are all mine, and not to be put into print.

An esteemed correspondent has taken the pains to write out for this column a timely paper upon ivy poisoning. The poison ivy, as it is called in the Middle and Eastern States, "the poison oak" of the South, is the trefoil wild woodbine. It drapes forest and grove trees with russet and gold in autumn and with pale green streamers in the spring. At these seasons it is more to be dreaded than in the flush of summer. Children should be taught in infancy how to distinguish it from the five-fingered woodbine, and warned never to handle or even go near it.

Now for our M. D.'s paper:

I have suffered probably as much from the effects of poison ivy, poison oak, poison sumac, from each variety of the "Rhus" family as anyone living. Every summer for twenty-five years I have been "laid up" from three days to six weeks, and have used every remedy that physicians could suggest. What helps one person or one attack may not be of value in another case. The following, however, comes the nearest to a specific of any of the remedies used, viz:

Carbolic acid crystals (pure), one-half dram; soft water, two ounces; alcohol, sufficient to make a four-ounce prescription. In some cases half as much acid, in others twice as much acid may be necessary. One can tell only by trial. The places where the poison manifests itself are treated with this lotion quite freely and frequently.

In a number of cases in which sugar of lead, tannin and many other remedies were used without the desired result this treatment was given, and in two to four days the poison was completely checked. Sometimes good results are obtained by taking internally, in addition to the use of the lotion, the tincture of bryonia—one or two drops in water every two hours. C. W. R. (M. D.).

Your article recently on "What Makes a Good Husband" caught my eye at once. We were married when I was 19 and my husband 24, and we were just as nearly opposite as people can be—I being lively and he quiet. When I first met him I thought he was one of the homeliest men I ever saw, but I have learned to my heart's satisfaction "homeliest men make best husbands." I don't think any two people could be happier than we are, and we get happier every day. Our one great trouble at first was finances, but now, never! I keep two books—one a day book—the other a monthly book.

At the first of every month he gives me so much—and as I spend each cent I enter it in my day book—then at the end of the month I copy it into my monthly book, under its various headings, as meat, vegetables, etc. We have tried several ways, but find this the best. If I only, only could tell you how much good your talks do me! Thanking you for listening to my little tale, I am MRS. M. B. A.

It is genuine refreshment to listen to such "little tales." "Little" because brief. Certainly not because they are commonplace. No letters go so surely and suddenly into the waste basket at the right of my desk as those in which wives vent their spleen in complaining of husbands. Now and then—but very seldom—a man sets down a complaint against his wife.

Every day (I blush to record it!) brings a letter, long or short, distressful and usually viragoish, detailing what this or that ill-used angel of a wife has to endure from a brute whom the law has made her master. Not one of them should ever be written.

I mean that so emphatically that I repeat it. Not one of these stories of husbandly cruelty should ever be written by a woman who still calls herself a wife and lives as such with the man she condemns. When a wife is impelled to confide her wrongs to her dearest friend it is time she left her husband's house and cast off the empty show of wedded life.

Until that day she should hide his faults, and, to the world, ignore his vices.

This is what is meant by taking a husband "for better and for worse." This tirade (as some correspondents will call it) is drawn out by the relieful sensation caused by our housemother's frank confession of happiness. "May her tribe increase."

Would you kindly inform me through your columns how to care for patent-leather shoes, so that they won't crack, if there is a way? INTERESTED.

Warm a few drops of neat-foot oil slightly, pour into the palm of your hand and rub the shoes gently and long with this, about once a week, when you are taking them off for the night. Always before putting them on put the left hand into the shoe to warm it, and rub the outside gently with your warm open right hand for two or three minutes. The natural oil of the skin lubricates the leather very lightly.

Shoes treated in this way regularly will not crack.

WOMEN SUPERIOR IN FENCING

WITH characteristic originality after lots were drawn for competitors, it was found that three of the most skillful fencers in the social ring were opposed by a trio of fair graduates from one of the fashionable fencing academies. In the contests that ensued, all spiritedly fought out before a cheering audience, the women were victors in two out of three bouts. It was acknowledged by those who saw the contests that, given an equal knowledge of the art of fencing, the average woman is superior to the average man with the foil, because of her lightness and activity.

Types of Notable American Women

No. 10



MISS HELEN M. GOULD

Three Excellent Recipes

CUCUMBER PICKLES

PACK cucumbers of uniform size, each perfect in condition, into an earthenware crock, in layers two deep, with strata of salt two inches thick between them. When all are in, cover three inches deep with salt, put an inverted plate with a clean stone upon it on the salt, and pour in enough cold water to cover all. The plate and stone should keep the cucumbers under water.

Leave them thus for ten days, except for stirring up the brine from the bottom every other day. Use your hands for this, or a round smooth stick that will not bruise them.

At the end of ten days, pour off the brine, and throw the cucumbers into fresh cold water, examining each minutely, and rejecting all that are speckled, soft or bruised. Leave in the cold water for two days, changing it on the second day, and again inspecting the cucumbers.

On the third day line your kettle with green grape leaves, two thicknesses of them—and pack the drained cucumbers within it. Sprinkle a half saltspoonful of powdered alum upon each layer—about a rounded teaspoonful for a large kettle. Cover the cucumbers with very cold water, laying three thicknesses of vine leaves over all, and fitting on a close agate iron or earthenware lid—never a tin.

Set the kettle where it will not heat through under two hours, and steam very slowly, never boiling, for six hours, if you have three gallons or thereabouts. Turn off the water, remove the leaves and drop the pickles, one at a time, into iced water, with large lumps of ice in it. Keep the water cold until the pickles are of the same temperature.

Have ready a gallon of vinegar, one cupful of sugar, three dozen whole peppercorns, three dozen whole cloves, one dozen whole allspice, two tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, a dozen blades of mace and two tablespoonfuls of celery seed. Boil vinegar, sugar and spices together five minutes, covered, to keep in the strength of the vinegar.

Drain the cold, crisp cucumbers well and pack in jars. Cover with the boiling spiced vinegar, cover and set away. Turn off the vinegar in a week, scald and pour it back upon the pickles. Close tightly, set in the cellar and do not open for two months. They will be better at the end of six.

MACARONI AND TOMATOES. (Very Nice.)

Break half a pound of pipe macaroni into inch-lengths and boil in salted water until tender. Drain and put a layer of the macaroni in the bottom of a greased pudding dish, sprinkle with pepper, salt, onion juice and grated cheese, and cover all with a layer of stewed and strained tomatoes, which have been previously seasoned to taste. On these goes another layer of macaroni, and so on, until the dish is full. The topmost layer must be of tomatoes sprinkled with crumbs and good-sized bits of butter. Set in a hot oven, covered, for twenty minutes, and then bake, uncovered, until the crumbs are well browned.

MACARONI BALLS

Have ready a cupful of cold boiled macaroni cooked as in the preceding recipe and chopped small. Make a white sauce by cooking together a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour, and stirring into them a cup of hot milk. Stir until thick, add a large tablespoonful of grated cheese, and, gradually, the whipped yolks of four eggs, beating all the time. Work the macaroni into the sauce, and set aside until the mixture is very cold. With floured hands form into small balls—not quite as large in circumference as a silver dollar—roll in beaten egg, then in fine cracker crumbs, and set in the ice box for two hours. Fry in deep, boiling fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

The Parents' Corner

I have written you twice before and you have been kind enough to give me very good advice each time.

1. My baby boy, 8½ months old, seems to crave food other than his bottle. He has six teeth and is perfectly well except for very occasional colic. I feed him on milk, cream, water, lime water and sugar mixture, sterilized and changed as he seems able to take it stronger. At present I use 1 pint milk, ¼ pint cream, ½ pint water, 2 ounces lime water and a dessert spoonful of sugar for a day's feeding (5 ounces every 3 hours). I gave it a little stronger than that, but he seemed unable to digest it well, so I weakened it again. I give him a graham or soda water once a day and occasionally a chicken bone to suck. I am anxious to know if he doesn't need some simple thing in addition to his milk. He seems ravenous for such food and I would give him well cooked oatmeal, egg or bread and milk if I thought it wise. Please tell me.

2. This little boy is unfortunate enough to be cursed with parents who both have "tempera." * * * Baby, I dread and fear, has inherited these same bad tempers. He's the jolliest, cheeriest, best-natured little fellow most of the time, but once in a while when something displeases him he will get a "mad fit" (on and scream and get red in the face and clinch his little hands. He doesn't do this often and the things (like leaving him alone or laying him on his back or displaying his bottle) that anger him when he is tired and fretful will have no such effect at another "better" time. Are all babies like this or has he really got a temper that needs weeding out? And how am I to do this? For I think the earlier I begin the easier it will be. Remember, he isn't cross and peevish at all. I want to make and train him to be the best little boy in the world. YOUNG MOTHER.

First and least important, we will consider the question of baby's food. He needs something stronger than "cambric tea." Wet up a teaspoonful of farina, or of arrow root (berunda), if you think farina heavy, in a little cold milk. Scald a cupful of milk, and when it reaches the boiling point stir in the arrow root or farina with a lump of sugar. Cook, stirring all the while, for five minutes, and turn out to get cold. Thin this with your sterilized milk at feeding time, giving him half of the thickened milk at the first to see how he relishes it, and if it agrees with him. In a little while he will grow fond of it. Some of the finest children I have ever known were brought up upon farina thus prepared.

A more momentous question is the "inheritance" you mention.

Emerson says: "Man is physically, as well as metaphysically, a thing of shreds and patches, borrowed unequally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start."

When part of the borrowed capital is a taint of sensuality, of greed, of avarice, of lust for liquor, or a fierce, violent temper, the inheritance is what you have rightly named it—a curse. Parents may well shudder under the thought of what they have entailed upon innocent offspring.

In my millennium boys and girls will be instructed from their earliest years in their duty to the generation following. In one part of your letter, which, I take it, was for my eyes alone, you confess to "mad fits and stormy scenes" on your part. If your temper had been conquered—yes, I use the word advisedly—conquered first by your parents in infancy, then by yourself in later childhood, your boy would have had a fighting chance for successful self-conquest. As it is, you have added to the load bound upon him by his father's ungovernable temper that of your "mad" indulgence in unholiness.

What is to be done? First, learn to rule your own spirit, and then shall you see clearly how to help the poor little fellow to get himself in hand.

Keep down your temper, at any rate, as far as the outward exhibition of it goes. When John rages, keep cool and, better than coolness, study gentleness. Drill yourself to modulate your tones. Speak low and quietly, and when you must be firm with baby never raise your voice.

"Control my child as you controlled me!" wrote a young father in committing his motherless baby to his own mother. "Looking back now to my childhood, I think you managed me by voice and eye. Both were always calm and steady when I was at the most violent phase of my temper. I recollect but one whipping. That was for a deliberate lie. Yet I never dared disobey."

Get yourself under control, anxious young mother. The work should have been done long ago. But regrets are a useless extravagance in cellular tissue and mental force. By the memory of what suffering your temper has cost you, have mercy upon your boy, and spare him the worst consequences of the "misfit."

Would you try and help a lady who would like to earn a few dollars a week? My plan is this: I would like to get a little girl to board. I could furnish the parents with the best of references. I live in a highly respectable neighborhood and have a fine home. My husband is a mechanic, and a good, steady man, who neither drinks nor has he any other faults. He would not allow me to work at anything, so I thought if I could get some parents to let me care for their child I would raise her as my own. If she was over six, I could send her to school and always keep her neat and clean; let her take music lessons at home, and, in fact, bring her up to be all a fond parent could desire. I know of no other way to earn a few dollars a week, so I thought of this; and I am sure there must be some one that would be glad of such a chance. Let me know through your valuable paper. MRS. O. N.

This somewhat remarkable application would not have found its way into this column had I not chanced to hear, within a few weeks, of four children to whom such a home and such motherly care would be like a blessing from heaven. Two of the friendless little creatures were stepchildren, doubly unwelcome since the arrival of the second wife's own children. A third was deserted by a drunken father, and the mother, obliged to earn her living as a waitress in a hotel, was anxious to find a safe home for her boy. A fourth had a drunken mother—a widow—and her brother had the support of the child thrown upon him.

Oh, the wrongs of the innocent! No other mystery in all God's world is so utterly dark to my sight as that the dear Father should send these hapless, harmless creatures into families where sorrow, sin and degradation would seem to be their inevitable fate.

Is there any ground for the popular superstition that it is unlucky to cut a baby's nails before it is a year old? I am told that I must bite or break them off—never cut them. What is the origin of the notion? I am surprised to find what intelligent mothers hold it. JANET M.

I, too, was "surprised" and horrified twenty-odd years ago to see a delicate, well-born mother deliberately gnaw the nails of her ten-month-old boy. They had left bloody traces upon his cheeks and on her forehead. He had a peppy temper of his own, a full comprehension of the value of his nails as offensive weapons. So she lifted first one hand, then the other, to her mouth and nibbled them down to a safe length.

If all mothers were put into the confessional we should find, I suspect, that a fair percentage have a touch of your "superstition." I have no idea in what it originated. Probably it is a relic of devil worship. Most popular and absurd superstitions, the beliefs in good and bad luck, in signs and portents, and incantations, had some such parentage. One and all, they are a disgrace to civilization and insult religion.

BRADSHAW FOR THE CHILDREN

THAT there is nothing new under the sun is disproved by the man who is giving his children a several years' course in Bradshaw. It is unnecessary to say he has revolutionary ideas on the subject of training children. For two years he has had his flock on a daily diet of Bradshaw, and the end is yet far off of this remarkable line of thinking. This proud father recommends Bradshaw as a part of every public school curriculum, such as the quickest route from Perth to Perth, or how to get from London to the interior of Africa with the fewest changes. He proudly declares they revel in the exercises and the rivalry they induce. In addition, it gives them a splendid knowledge of the geography of their own country, distances, routes, etc., and the finest possible mental training in the direction of quickness and clear thinking.

Each day he sets down a different problem, such as the quickest route from